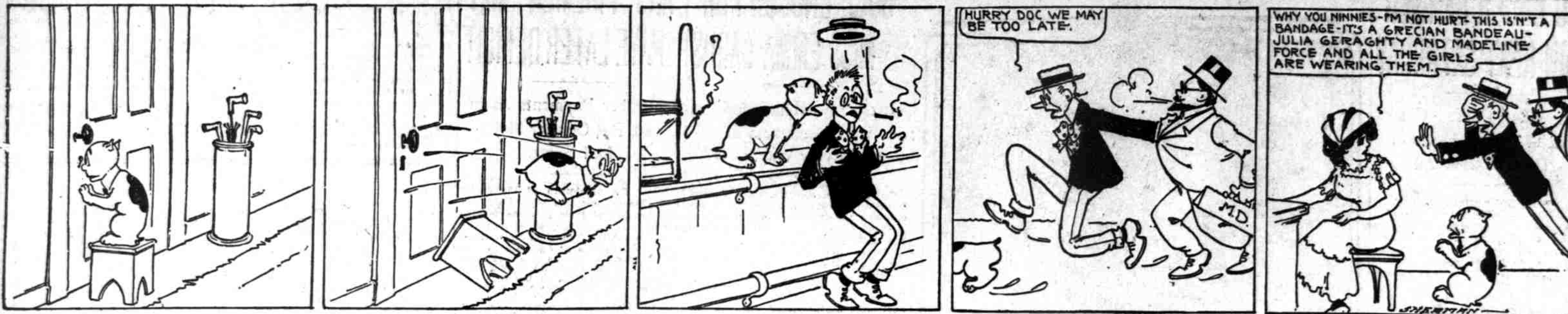


Pete the Peeper Pulls a Panic

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



THE REAL LOVE LETTERS

That He Received
Telling the Plans
OF HIS BRIDE TO BE

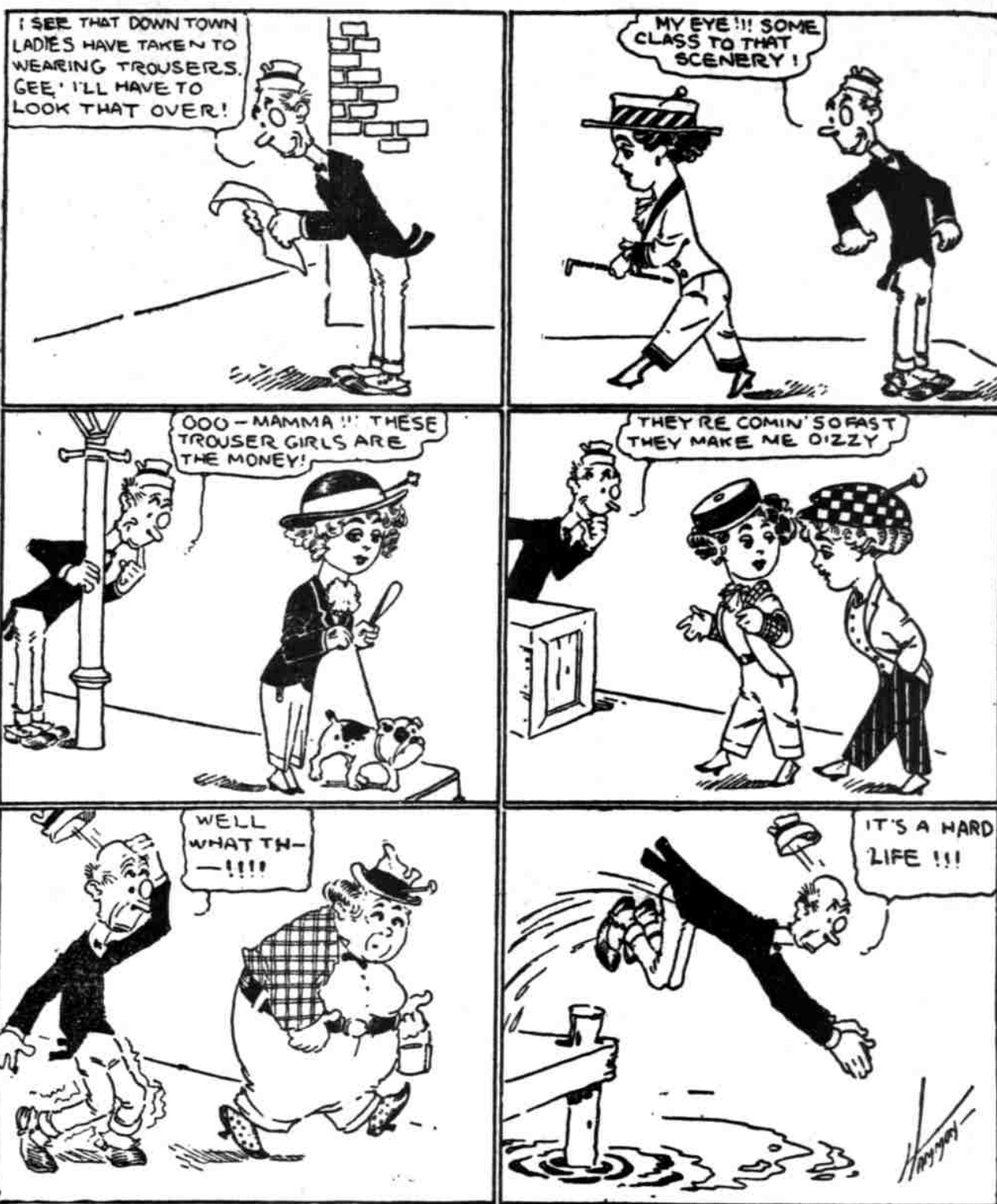
By JAMES H. HAMMON
Drawn for The Washington Times.

ALGY

EVERYBODY'S SORE
ABOUT THIS

MAMIE TELLS BELLE

That They Say There's
Nothing in a Name, But
THE CHORUS GIRLS KNOW



WHAT'S in a name, Belle? Nothin', by rights, yet a whole lot more than there ought to be. They say a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but I bet if they changed the name o' roses to "skunkers" there'd be a whole lot less o' 'em in the florists' windows.

In this hard world o' queer sights and funny sounds, Belle, names are like first appearances—people judge you by 'em and all the king's what-checallan can't make them change their minds. Who ever heard of a man named Splitzenheim bein' elected to any office whatever? Yet there may be more than one genius by that name, Belle, perishin' in a garret because people just take one look at their visin' cards when they call around, and then send the boy out to tell 'em, "Too busy."

Chorus girls have the right idea. They're the only people I know of that are allowed to change their names without havin' the finger of suspicion leveled in their direction, and they're wise enough to take advantage of it. Maybe the managers don't realize it, Belle, but I'll bet the fate of many a musical comedy has been settled by the array o' chorus girls' names on the programs.

The Psychology of Chorus Names

You see, the reporters that write up the shows for the next mornin' papers haven't got time to sit through the whole p'formance on account of havin' to get their reviews in before their papers go to press, so often they just take a peek at the names o' the chorus girls and then hop a car for their typewriters before the orchestra's got done playin' the first night hour-and-a-quarter overture. They realize, Belle, that when all's said and done the success of every musical comedy depends on its chorus girls.

And if the chorus list starts off with Trixie Vere de Vere, Dolly Vanderbilt, Gladys La Rue and so forth, the reporter just natch'ly writes one o' those "aggregation of beautiful, shapely and winsome young women" reviews that'll pack the house for the rest of the week.

But, if the ladies of the chorus are programed Edna Scott, Sarah Jones, Kate Smith and so on, the next mornin' you're libble to read that, "with the exception o' the chorus, which was unusually thin, flat and tired lookin', the show might pass in a crowd."

I'll never forget, Belle, how once I absolutely refused to meet a fellow because his name happened to be Jake Stump. I was willin' to bet a week's salary he'd be a scarecrow. And I saw him by accident just as he was boardin' a train for Canada, never to return. And, Belle, he was the han'somest man I've ever laid my eyes on!

ACCORDING TO SAMMY

Sammy, my cuzzin Benny sed to me yesterday, yuve got sumthin' awn yure nose.

Wat, I sed, feelin' to see, and Benny sed, yure finger, ha ha. That's a grate trick, he sed, wot yout try it awn yure farthar, and I sed, I will may be.

So last nite, wen pop calin home, I sed, pop.

Well, sed pop, meenin' wat did I want.

Pop Fawls

Youve got sumthin' awn yure nose, I sed.

Wat, sed pop, rubbin' it with his finger.

Yure finger, I sed.

Ha, ha, sed pop, laffin, you littl devil, he sed, to play a trick like that awn yure fathir. Kum awn in the house and lets try it awn yure mothir.

So we went in, and mothir was readin' in the settin' room.

Wy, mothir, pop sed, yuve got sumthin' awn yure nose.

Is that so, sed ma, rubbin' her nose with her finger, but not sayin'.

Wat, and of korse, if a persin don't say, Wat, you cant play the trick awn then.

So then pop moehuned to me and I sed, G, ma, yuve got sumthin' awn yure nose.

I thawt I rubbed it awf, sed ma, rubbin' if agen and keepin' awn readin', but not sayin'.

So pop and me looked at eetch othir, not noing wat to do, awn akount of ma not sayin'.

Wat, and then pop went erround the frust of ma and sed, I deeklare, Lillian, I wasent mistakin, you have got sumthin' awn yure nose.

Ma Dont Kare

Awl rita, sed ma, mad like, wat it I have. Ill wash it awf wen I get throo this story and let that be the end of it, she sed. The idee of kumun' up evry m'nit and tellin' me I've got sumthin' awn yure nose, she sed, I shoold think once woud be enuff. Its redikulus.

So then pop fell ovir in a chare and pretended to be faintin', and sed, I'm fawt, sumbody, fan ma, tawk about wimin not bein' able to see a joak, they wont evin give you half a chauce to spring I.

I dont no wat yure tawkin' about, sed ma, and went awn readin' and she dont no wat the joak is yet, just bekaus she woodent say, Wat.

A Few Falling Autumn Leaves

SURE HE WOULD

A little boy did a naughty thing the other day. He got a hatchet and chopped off the tail of the family cat. His mother punished him severely for the barbarous act, and then she tried conscientiously to make him comprehend its enormity.

"Bernard," she said, "what is the Golden Rule?"

"Do unto others what you would have others do unto you," he quoted glibly.

"And did you follow the Golden Rule when you tortured that poor cat?"

"I sure did, mamma. If I had a tail wouldn't I want somebody to cut it off?"

Not Much

David had accompanied his mother to church and he noticed she dropped a penny into the contribution plate. On the way home his mother found fault with the sermon.

"Well, mamma," said the little fellow, "what could you expect for a cent?"

His Answer

"And now," said the teacher of the juvenile Sunday school class, "why did God create this beautiful world?"

"I don't know," replied a bright little fellow, "unless there was no one else could do it."

Immortalizations Of Benj. Franklin

"Sneez, kid, etc." Benjamin Franklin, in leaving Boston for Philadelphia, in his youth, was really influenced by his abiding hatred for the Boston municipal dish-beans. Some years later, after Franklin had started the world by discovering electricity, a committee of leading Boston citizens sought to do him honor by presenting him with an enormous gold pot of beans. Before the chairman of the committee had fairly launched into his presentation speech, Franklin lifted one ponderous leg, kicked the pot from the chairman's hands high into the air, and said: "Sneez, kid, your brains are dusty!" This was in 1765.

"Hand him a lemon." When Franklin was editor of the magazine later known as the "Slatternly Sleeveless Post," he received one day a call from a contributor who said, "I sent you two poems, two peaches they were, last week, but as yet have received no check." Franklin answered, "Four two peaches were found a make one lemon, which I take great pleasure in handing to you."

Loretta's Looking Glass

SEE HOLDS IT UP TO THE GIRL WHO IS BEACHED



YOU are one of the numerous SUMMER GIRLS. It's a plant of yours that there are so many more of you than of SUMMER MEN. After a somewhat careful observation of you at the beach, I am inclined to wonder that there are ANY summer men, even the undershod collegians or the overdressed floorwalkers.

Yes, I am disgusted with you, absolutely and thoroughly. I tell you, a LADY'S A LADY whether she's upside down with her head stewing in an African hot-pot or right side up and bouncing in the billows. And, if you cannot manage to preserve your ladyship in a bathing suit, there is something fundamentally wrong with your brand of ladyhood.

English Joke for Today

He—Of course, you know his modus operandi?

She—Certainly not! I don't suppose he takes her about with him.—The Pink Un.

Lop Off a Limb

No, I'm not a crank or a prude. I am just a woman with sense enough to see that every time one of us sheds the indescribable and lovely garment of reserve and delicacy we lop off a limb of our own life-trees.

Men Hate Coarseness in a Woman

And I frankly own that I esteem a consideration of what the best men like as a deep and worthy study for any woman, just as I regard the ways and means of pleasing a good woman as splendid exercise for men. I have, but, at least, I can repeat it another way: You cannot beat the court-tesan at her own game. She wins the poor, tawdry rewards, a coin as worthless as what she gives. But you girls CAN win by PLAYING YOUR OWN GAME, and the good cards are your refinement, your appeal to the best of man and your inspiration to his ideals.

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

"Now that they've traced Handsome Jack Geraghty's ancestry back to the Irish kings, I suppose the Newport set will stop sniffing and make the best of the elopement," said the stagestruck youth.

"Maybe so," said the stage doorkeeper. "You never can tell, I might say. I've found out that the least he can do is to get the guy who says the least has the least to regret. However, I don't mind going on record and sayin' that if Handsome Jack is givin' us the right dope about his ancestry that makes us blood relations."

Nix On the Spotlight

"It was funny though how the handsome young couple turned down that vaudeville manager who offered them a thou a week and calmly said, 'Nix on the spotlight.' I dunno, but I think if anybody was to ask me to take my bride and sit in a stage box every night and let the spotlight will have fun with me I'd take him up quick. And I'd be especially eager to do and get to earnin' some money so's I could provide my bride with slippers and stockin's that matched. It was a shame the way that poor girl had to be interviewed in white stockin's and black shoes or was it vice versa?"

"But she's done one fine thing for the department stores. She's got that multicolored Grecian bandeau on as a topline, and it only needed Madeline Force to second the style to make it a world-beater. From now on we'll see all the chickens goin' around with their heads tied up as though they'd attended a Scandinavian wedding."

Will They Forgive Her?

"Will Julia's folks forgive her?" asked the S. S. Y.

"I dunno," said the S. D. K. "Mebbe they will and then again mebbe they won't. Many a daughter of rich parents has run away with a coachman or a groom, but it's only recent when chauffeurs began to be able to get away with it. But there's no reason to believe that if the folks of another generation managed to get used to the smell of horse, why they shouldn't in time become used to the scent of gasoline. It's a clean smell."

Our Cop Says, Why Is An Inebriate

Ye see, this street separates my beat from Gallagher's, and neither of us wanted to make an arrest tonight, because, other things bein' equal, we're both off at 7 in the mornin'. But if we make an arrest, we got to wait an hour or so overtime and stand our man up before the magistrate.

So of course, when I sees a chap so drunk, it's a shame not to give him a comfortable cell for the night. I just naturally takes him by the arm and leads him over to Gallagher's beat. Then, winkin' at meself, I walks around a bit and all of a sudden I comes across Mr. Drunk snorin' on one o' my doorstep. A doonestep on my beat, I mean. I shook him alive and towed him across to Gallagher's territory again, but it was no use; in fifteen minutes, Gallagher had brought him back.

That's the way we've been keepin' up all night. Just at present he's on Gallagher's side, but I expect to move across him on mine, any minute.

The Latest From The Land of Mirth

A COLOR TRANSITION

An aged colored man was engaged in burning the grass off the lawn of a young broker when the latter returned to his home, and, thinking to have some fun with the old man, said:

"Sambo, if you burn that grass the entire lawn will be as black as you are."

"Dat's all right, sah," replied the negro. "Some o' dese days dat grass grow up an' be as green as youth are."

The Boy Knew

"Your sister's a long time about making her appearance," suggested the caller. "Well," said the little brother, "she'd be a sight if she came down without making it."

A Bargain Marriage

"What on earth possessed Miss Hightone to marry the ribbon clerk?"

"She couldn't resist him, you know. When she first met him he was at the bargain counter."

Mystery Explained

Ted—I could never understand why women object so much to taking off their hats.

Ned—It's so hard to put them on straight again.

